Me thinks thy voyce is altered, and thou ſpeakeſt
With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
Edg. Y'ar much deceaued, in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Gloſt. Me thinks y'ar better ſpoken. (feareful
Edg. Come on ſir, her's the place, ſtand ſtill, how
And dizi tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low
The crowes and choghes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarce ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers ſampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head,
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beach
Appeare like miſe, and yon tall anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cock, her cock a boui
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight, the murmuring ſurge
That on the vnnumbred idle peeble chaffes
Cannot be heard, its ſo hie ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Gloſt. Set me where you ſtand?
Edg. Giue me your hand, you are now within a foot
Of th'extreame verge, for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.
Gloſt. Let goe my hand,
Here friend's another purſſe, in it a iewell,
Well worth a poore mans taking, Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee, goe thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.
Gloſt. VVith all my heart. (to cure it.
Edg. Why I do trifell thus with his diſpaire is done
Gloſt. O you mightie Gods, *He kneeles.*
This world I doe renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer and not fall
To quarel with your great oppoſles wils
My ſnurff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out, if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,

Now

Now fellow fare thee well. *He fals.*
Edg. Gon ſir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceit my
robbe the treaſurie of liſe, when liſe it ſelfe yealds to the theft,
had he beene where he thought by this had thought beene paſt,
aliue or dead, ho you ſir, heare you ſir, ſpeak, thus might he paſſe
indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you ſir?
Gloſt. Away and let me die.
Edg. Hadſt thou beene ought but goſmore feathers ayre,
So many fadome downe precipitating
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an egge, but thou doſt breath
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleedſt not, ſpeakeſt, art ſound,
Ten maſts at each, make not the altitude,
VVhich thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy lifes a miracle, ſpeake yet againe.
Gloſt. But haue I fallen or no?
Edg. From the dread ſommons of this chalkie borne,
Looke vp a hight, the ſhrill gorg'd larke ſo farre
Cannot bee ſeene or heard, doe but looke vp?
Gloſt. Alack I haue no eyes
Is wretchednes depriu'd, that benefit
To end it ſelfe by death twas yet ſome comfort
When miſery could beguile the tyrants rage
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme?
Vp, ſo, how feele you your legges, you ſtand.
Gloſt. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtrangenes
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe what thing was that
Which parted from you.
Gloſt. A poore vnfortunate bagger.
Edg. As I ſtood here below me thoughts his eyes
VVere two full Moones, a had a thouſand noſes
Hornes, welk't and waued like the enridged ſea,
It was ſome fiend, therefore thou happy father
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, who made their honours
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.
Gloſt. I doe remember now, henceforth ile beare
Affliction till it doe crie out it ſelfe

Inough,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[5]) Octavo